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so often that it may be numbered with the possibilities, or almost with the certainties.

In the spread of contagion and the treatment of infectious diseases, more especially of tuberculosis, the nurse can supplement the other agencies which are working so earnestly and well to educate the people.

Isolation is narrowing. We are helped out of routine and stimulated to rekindled interest by coöperation with others who are sharing our particular work. But as a body of specialists we need to come into contact with other phases of the social problem, to admit the conception that there may be better methods than our own of accomplishing a desired end, and to see the place that our work holds in the general scheme.

Such an opportunity is offered by the conference to be held in Portland, Ore., during the week of July 15 to 22. Railroad rates were given last month and will be printed again in a later issue.

A NEW CRANFORD: BEING A MORE OR LESS TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIMENT

**DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR J. B., WHO OF ALL OTHERS BEST
UNDERSTANDS WHAT PROMPTED ITS UNDERTAKING**

BY ISABEL McISAAC

Late Superintendent of the Illinois Training-School, Chicago

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VI. WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

ONE of the most frequent questions asked us about living in the country is as to the loneliness and isolation in winter.

To persons who are dependent upon having many people about them and have no resources within themselves, winter in the country would be a terrible affliction, but when one is as busy as the proverbial bee and has a telephone, rural mail delivery, and a daily paper, besides two busy towns to look at, even if one is not in them, the days are very full and there is no time for loneliness.

The simple daily needs are much more difficult and require far more time and steps; the one item of water alone is a constant battle with frozen pumps and drains, and when the howling winter winds come raging across the frozen lake the fires will not stand any neglect, and

we are as devoted to our hot soapstones at bedtime as Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm was to her beloved pink parasol.

Tom has trudged into town daily to school, missing but two days, which we thought too severe for him, which has resulted in giving him a fine color and developed his poor, spindling legs and back into a good, sturdy pair which carry him vigorously through the deep snowdrifts.

We were much amused by a man in the neighborhood who made himself quite officious in announcing that we ought not to send Tom to school in such stormy weather, while his poor wife, who had two babies and another expected, was carrying all the water she used up a steep, icy hill in the same weather. It is the old story of the mote in a brother's eye.

The rural telephone is one of the most comforting things in winter, for no matter how long we are snowbound, we are in touch with the town and may learn whether the world has come to an end or not. Most of the country houses are on party lines, but we were too impatient of delay to endure such a service.

A friend of Euphemia's told us a laughable story about a country telephone which is worth repeating. They lived out several miles, and had a party-line telephone which afforded much entertainment to a good old grandfather on an adjoining farm, who had nothing else to do but listen to the neighbors' talk over the wires. One day when Miss —— was expecting friends from town out for dinner she conceived the idea of telephoning to a woman up the road a mile or so to know if her visitors had passed, that she might have an idea when to put a chicken on to cook. The neighbor woman had been busy and could not tell whether they had passed or not, and while the two were talking grandfather's quavering voice piped in, "Put your chicken on, Emeline, they're a-comin'."

The town telegraph office is most obliging, taking our messages and letting us pay our bills when we happen to come to town, which is a contrast to the city ways, to which we are accustomed, requiring us to give our pedigree before they take our message by telephone. If we call them up early in the morning, a voice with the old, familiar, office-boy pertness says, "She ain't here," and when we ask when she will be there he replies, "Oh, after awhile," and we hear him wielding a broom and whistling "Mr. Dooley."

In February we had three weeks of weather which was a disgrace to the weather man and for which we find it hard to forgive him, even if March was beautiful from beginning to end. It snowed almost continuously, with such gales of wind that the roads were full of huge drifts. We were shut in for a fortnight, and "Billiam" distinguished

himself in the usual way by lying down in it and breaking the sleigh and his harness.

One awfully stormy day Euphemia waded through the drifts to town to get herself a new pair of rubber boots, and as she was returning across the tracks at the railway station she spied a familiar figure through the thick-falling snow which she couldn't believe was the Lady from Town until a more vigorous gust than usual disclosed a striped seersucker skirt which revealed her identity. They arrived an hour later at Cranford breathless and wet to the waist from the drifts. The Lady from Town left home with a bad cold, which her family predicted would at once become galloping pneumonia, but, on the contrary, she speedily recovered.

The fourth day after, our visitor said she must go back, so we telephoned the railway office, and they told us the ten-o'clock train would be in at noon, and as the snow had not ceased during the four days we made elaborate preparations to get the Lady from Town down to the station. We put her city rubbers into her bag and got her into overshoes and knit leggings; we then put on a pair of Euphemia's knickerbockers, into which we stuffed her petticoats, and pinned her dress skirt up around her waist. As Euphemia is tall and of considerable breadth and the Lady from Town is very small and slight, the voluminous knickers, full of petticoat, made her look like a diminutive Turk from the Midway.

About four o'clock Euphemia returned, saying the train was delayed another two hours, and she had left our visitor comfortably in the station while she came back with the clothes; but a half-hour later I heard shrieks of laughter and looked out to see the Lady from Town hanging upon Euphemia's shoulder like the returning Prodigal Son. It transpired that no sooner was Euphemia out of sight than the wretch of a station-man came out and posted on his bulletin, "Nine hours late," and the Lady from Town promptly went out and hailed a colored man coming our way, who brought her to our corner, where she got out and floundered through the pear orchard and up the hill to us rejoicing. She spent another forty-eight hours with us, and we all decided that there were ample compensations for even February blizzards. When friends venture out to us in such weather we know they really wish to come and are not paying duty visits.

Whatever discomforts the cold gave us were soon over. Spring has arrived far ahead of schedule time, setting everybody into a lively gait to get ready for it, the soft air and warm rain have done marvellous things in a few days, the birds have grand opera in the ravines from daylight till dark, there is the characteristic spring odor of burning

leaves and grass, the huge boats have sailed away out of the harbor like monstrous butterflies coming to life, and on every hand we have the eternal evidences of the resurrection.

(To be continued.)

THE HOURLY NURSE

By ISABELLE R. HALL

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THE hourly nurse has for some time been a feature of the nursing profession in other cities, but it is only lately that it has been possible to obtain her valuable services in Boston.

The trained nurse has become an absolute necessity in cases of all kinds and in families of all degrees, from the highest to the lowest. Among the poor the district nurse comes in by the day or hour, as the need may be, and gives the care necessary to make the sufferer comfortable. Until recently there has been no one to render similar service in the families of the well-to-do. The ordinary trained nurse is usually engaged by the week, and rarely cares to go to a case for a shorter time, because she must withdraw her name from the registry, go back to the end of the list, and risk losing a long engagement.

The hourly nurse who has had the same training, having graduated from a hospital in good standing, holds herself ready to answer calls at all times for one, two, three, or twenty-four hours, as the case demands.

She assists physicians at minor operations, remaining with the patient while recovering from ether, and, if needed, stays over night. Then she goes each day to change the dressings and carry out the doctor's orders as far as she can, making it easy for the family to care for the patient during the remainder of the day.

It often happens that no competent person is available to relieve the regular nurse at a case for the hours for rest and exercise to which she is entitled and without which she cannot keep the perfect health needed in caring for the sick. Arrangements can be made with the hourly nurse to come at a stated time each day and take charge of the patient during the absence of the nurse. Thus the family can feel sure that the patient is losing nothing by being left to unskilful hands, while the expense is trifling compared with that of having a second nurse. Again, in these days of apartment-houses there are many homes where it is inconvenient, if not impossible, to have a nurse staying in the house.